

*Ste.* Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

*Tri.* Thy grace shall haue it. (*meane Cal.* The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murder first: if he awake From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange stuffe.

*Ste.* Be you quide (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

*Tri.* Doe, doe, we steale by lynce and leuell, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that iest; heere's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

*Tri.* *Monster*, come put some Limbe vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all beturn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* *Monster*, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

*Tri.* And this.

*Ste.* I, and this. *A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey Mountaine, hey.

*Ari.* *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Conuulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

*Ari.* Harke, they rore.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruite. *Exeunt.*

### Actus quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.*

*Pro.* Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vp right with his carriage: how's the day?

*Ar.* On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

*Ar.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eanes of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpeely,

Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms Ile breake, their fencels Ile restore,

And they shall be themselves.

*Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye Blues of hills, brooks, stading lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him

When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the Greene sower Ringlets make,

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde

(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,

And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder

Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Iones* stow Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie

Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Haue wak'd their sleepers, open'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke

I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do)

To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe,

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummer sound

Ile drowne my booke. *Solemae musick.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmd: which Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine

Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night

(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo* My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,

Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian* (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgive thee, Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me: *Ariel*,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will discase me, and my selfe present

As I was sometime *Millicaine*: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
There I couch when Owles doe crye,  
On the Batt's backe I doe flie  
after Sommer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I line now,  
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

*Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall misse Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so.

To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art, There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe

Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pre'thee.

*Ar.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs

Out of this fearefull Country.

*Pro.* Behold Sir King The wronged Duke of *Millicaine*, *Prospero*:

For more assurance that a liuing Prince Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,

And to thee, and thy Company, I bid A hearty welcome.

*Al.* Where thou bee'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

(As late I haue bene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,

Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue

(And if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero* Believing, and be heere?

*Pro.* First, noble Friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be, Or be not, Ile not sweare.

*Pro.* You doe yet taste Some subtilties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you

Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all, But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded

I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you And iustifie you Traitors: at this time

I will tell no tales. *Seb.* The Diuell speakes in him: *Pro.* No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault: all of them: and require My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know

Thou must restore.

*Al.* If thou bee'st *Prospero* Giue vs particulars of thy preseration;

How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is) My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

*Pro.* I am woe for't, Sir.

*Al.* Irreparable is the losse, and patience Saies, it is past her cure:

*Pro.* I rather thinke You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace

For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid, And rest my selfe content:

*Al.* You the like losse?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, and supportable To make the deere losse, haue I meane much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you; for I Haue lost my daughter.

*Al.* A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes* The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish

My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

*Pro.* In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords At this encounter doe so much admire,

That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are naturall breath: but howsoe'er you haue Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain

That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke Which was thrust forth of *Millicaine*, who most strangely

Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a break-fast, nor

Bestitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir; This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,

And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in: My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,

I will require you with as good a thing, At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as me my Dukedome.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No my dearest loue, I would not for the world. (*wrangle,*

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should And I would call it faire play.

*Al.* If this proue A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice loose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle.

*Fer.* Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull, I haue curs'd them without cause.

*Al.* Now all the blessings Of a glad father, compasse thee about: Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

*Mir.* O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there heere? How beauteous mankind is? O braue new world

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That